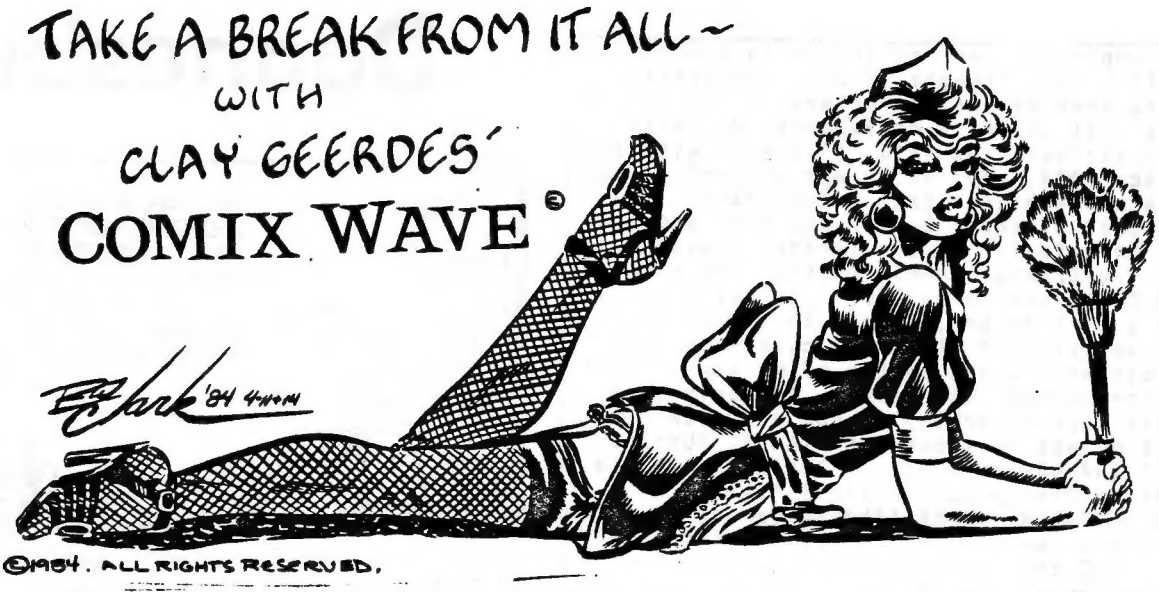

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I just got a comp ticket to a movie. Came in the mail this morning. I don't get many of those these days, because I'm not reviewing movies, so I have to assume bodies are needed to fill out the audience and make it look good for the people who did the film. In the theater, this is known as papering the house. Well, I'll probably drive over to San Francisco and watch this sci-fi-western turkey; after all, it's not something I'd pay to see; well, maybe on a double-bill at a bargain matinee, but at evening rates? The movie will be at the Galaxy, a glass fourplex on Van Ness Avenue. I used to visit that neighborhood from time to time when Jim Osborne was managing the Richelieu, a hotel-basement theater that went in for art movies. I'd stand around the candy counter watching Jim dot those dots in those panels for VELVET VICE that he later gave to ARCADE. He was a careful, meticulous artist, Jim, too slow for comics; you have to be fast for the medium. That's just the way it is. Those who survive in comics learn to draw fast and to enlist assistants so they can turn out more product. Down on Larkin, a few blocks from the Richelieu Hotel, is THE MAGAZINE, a unique little store that carries all kinds of collector's stuff from old COLLIER'S to WINKS and SMOKEHOUSE MONTHLIES, the kind of stuff you never heard of if you're under 40. Trent's cornered the old mag market. I have to smile when I see the prices on those old movie mags. Back in '66, I went into In Gear on Haight Street and bought four or five movie mags from 1927-34 for a dime apiece; there was no collector's scam then. The stuff that sold in the second hand stores on Haight is now going for prices only the rich can afford. Ah, well, such is greed. Oh, I'm not blaming Trent; he's a nice guy, most dealers are; it's just the nature of things that all the good old stuff gets priced into the hands of the rich while ordinary folks get left out. Hey, HAROLD HEDD 3 is finally out. It only took close to eight years. It's called #1, and I've read it all long ago in Spanish in EL VIBORA, but it's nice to see it all together. Nice color. $2. Most of it is dated as hell, have to say that, I mean there are a lot of kids around now who never heard of Kojak and wouldn't know Telly Savalas if they saw him spare-changing in a Telegraph Avenue doorway. The plot is a complete cliché as well. Hitler's Cocaine. Well, shades of "Wings over Tiajuana." I guess the dopers and the high school kids dig that sort of story, but you have to smile when you see the book labelled "mature readers." A mature comic, it ain't. A second-hand Freak Brothers story, it is. Quickie art, too. What made those early Harold Hedd pages in the Georgia Straight so much fun was the eyeball kicks, things like a Picasso perfectly copied and hanging on Hedd's wall. Now the walls are bare. My point is that a search for some lost dope is just not an interesting or particularly useful life motivator. Interesting, too, that Elmo is the main character. Harold Hedd has switched places with him, become his foil. Elmo used to be comic relief like Fat Freddy (who always reminded me most of Smiley Burnette in the 1940's Gene Autry Westerns), now he's the star, so why not call the comic ELMO. Weird to see Hedd playing straight man to Elmo, but it tells me something; Holmes is staying away from the material, just doing it, not really being into the trip. It's sitcom t-v. Even the sex is cleaned up, presumably so the audience will be wider. Well, this funnybook is guaranteed not to offend anybody (and wasn't the whole idea of underground comix to offend those who needed offending, to cut down to the quick, to unrepress, to get it all out, to take on all the gods and all the taboos, to reject hypocrisy--it wasn't; well, gee, I thought...), so you can buy a copy and send it to your Mom and Dad for Christmas. Artistically, it's not primo Holmes. A few nice panels and a nice cover, but mostly quick inks. I guess what I miss in it is the feeling I get when I know an artist loved what he was drawing; that feeling comes through the early Holmes work, but is completely missing from this new Hedd.

-C. G.

DISNEYLAND employees went on strike in September, so the COMIX WAVERS thought it only appropriate to interview some of the characters on the picket line to see what the main beefs were. We talked to Donald Duck:"Well", he said,"I've been with the company since 1934. By '35, I was playin' second fiddle to a mouse bigger than I was--Haha! You show me a mouse bigger'n a duck and I'll eat that sucker for breakfast. By the forties I was pretty big, doing frustration comedy mostly, the kind of thing Pete Smith was doing live. It was a living. I even had a girl friend, Daisy, in the strip, though she was kind of blah, not much more than me in a dress with a bow on top of my head. Don't ask where the nephews came from. The only time I can recall that me or any of the other characters got it on was in those AIR PIRATES FUNNIES Dan O'Neill and his gang did in the early 1970's. All the sex in Disney was in stuff like WATER BABIES and FANTASIA. Walt liked those little butts, and Hedda Hopper said in her book, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT, that he had some nudes on the walls of his secret pad in the fire station at Disneyland. The whole town was built about 5/8 scale back in the early 1950's and was pretty much a replica of the small town Walt grew up in back in Kansas. Like Richard Schickel said in THE DISNEY VERSION, Walt was the only guy ever to recreate and live in his own childhood." SNOW WHITE was sitting near the fountain just outside the Sleeping Beauty's castle in a little cloud of smog and, when we approached with our microphones, she invited us over to her pad to meet the Prince and chat. It was hard to talk to her though; she kept dusting this and that, scrubbing the floor, singing little inane songs about wishing wells, and it was a truly weird pad with little grinning animals popping up out of the toaster and teapot all the time then zipping back out of sight; all the activity made us a little dizzy. SNOW said she worked for the Brothers Grimm before coming to Disney. Her original name was SCHNEEWITCHEN and the Dwarfs she hid out with in the forest didn't have any names. "Walt did all that for us. He gave us new clothes, airbrushed away all the warts and zits and everything, made all the little birds and animals love us. He was wonderful!" I had a few more questions for Snow, but she said the Prince was coming soon, so we split. C.G.

Doonesbury

SO AFTER MONTHS OF AGONIZING OVER IT, I FINALLY ADMITTED TO MYSELF THAT MY CHOICE OF A CAREER IN BUSINESS HAD BEEN A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE MISTAKE!
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And speaking of the Sleeping Beauty, didn't you love the way mock hero BUCKAROO BANZAI awakened Penny with that static electric kiss? It was BB showing in that Glass Theatre and we went. Good aliens. Lots of great gimmicks. Junky sets that will remind you of your own room B.M. (before Mom). Best mad scientist since Sivana. Back on the street, we went by the newly opened HARD ROCK CAFE on Sacramento and Van Ness. Big line outside. It's an old automobile showroom revamped. Van Ness is quickly becoming more entertainment oriented as the old chassis castles throw in the chamois. Stopped in to the Hippo (they have a parking lot.), and the walls have been repainted. Hippo was one of my hangouts in the late 50s Monkey Bar days.**BUY SOME MINICOMIX! SUPPORT THE NEWAVE. Keep drawing. Tell your friends to subscribe to the newsletter and get in on everything. Keep me posted. Keep the letters short, because I get so many & have only so much time. Let's have some panels predicting what 1985 will be like. Plugs in the newsletters are two copies of whatever you are doing. Someone asked me why 2 copies, because a plug is an ad and ads ain't free.

©W.D.P. Pickets gathered at Disneyland yesterday after unions rejected an offer that included a pay freeze